This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

US
13580
4.15

US 135.4.15 B

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

In Memoriam.

Edward Everett.

The Library, Mr. [illegible] Residence, Boston.

TRIBUTE

To the Memory of

EDWARD EVERETT,

BY THE

New-England Historic-Genealogical Society,

AT BOSTON, MASS.,

JANUARY 17 AND FEBRUARY 1, 1865.

BOSTON:
NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.
M.DCCC.LXV.

To.11
3580.4.15
B

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

IT is due to such a character, that, as he is laid in his grave, the varied organizations with which he was connected through his remarkable career should put on record expressions of grateful recognition of the gift of so rare a life, and thus tenderly consign him over to the Muse of History to cherish his memory as that of a great and good character, who was a blessing to his country and an ornament to his age. — RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, *January* 17, 1865.

PRINTED BY GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, BOSTON.

PROCEEDINGS.

AT a special meeting of the Directors of the NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, held at their rooms in Bromfield Street, on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 17, 1865, to take notice of the death of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, — a member of the Society from the year of its organization, — who died in Boston on Sunday morning, Jan. 15, 1865, WILLIAM B. TOWNE was called to the chair, and WILLIAM REED DEANE was appointed Secretary *pro tempore.*

JOHN H. SHEPPARD, the Librarian, introduced the subject by these remarks: —

The sudden death of the Hon. Edward Everett has called us together not merely to testify our deep sorrow for the loss of a most influential and honored member of our Society, but, with other numerous institutions, to offer our humble tribute of respect to the memory of a very eminent man of our common country. A great light has gone down in our political heavens; a star of the first magnitude, admired at home and among foreign nations, whose brilliant rays of science and eloquence have adorned this Western Hemisphere and made a luminous path, has set forever. Our nation has met with an irreparable loss, and particularly in these dark days and troublous times of an unholy rebellion, when his counsels and

voice are so much needed. His death has cast a gloom over society through the length and breadth of the land. It will be felt in the cabinet, in the national and legislative halls, on the battle-field, and everywhere; for his eloquence was everywhere heard, as it were, on the wings of the press, speaking with the voice of one going about to do good: and in no place will his death be more lamented than in a sister city, to relieve which the very last hours of his exceedingly busy and energetic life were devoted; yes, the tears of Savannah will gush forth at the sad news.

Mr. Everett has left us a striking example that old age does not necessarily impair the intellectual powers, when they have been vigorously kept in exercise. In his seventy-first year, his talents were bright and active as ever, and his judgment and imagination retained the full power of his earlier days. He was indeed *in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus:* there was a wholeness, a polish, and a roundness in his character, wherein all the rough edges and sharp angles so often met with, even among distinguished men, were softened into a pleasing smoothness. On this melancholy occasion we can only present a few resolutions, echoing the words of universal sorrow; and though they cannot add to the fame of the illustrious dead, yet they may evince our grief and sympathy.

Mr. Sheppard then offered the following resolutions: —

Resolved, That, in the death of Hon. Edward Everett, this Society, of which he was a Resident Member for nineteen years, deplores a great loss.

Resolved, That, in his death, literature and science are called to mourn the departure of a very distinguished scholar and accomplished writer, whose purity and elegance of taste, richness of imagination, affluence of language, and flowing, fascinating style, would, without any other mark of distinction or celebrity, have made him an honor and an ornament to our country.

Resolved, That, in his death, the voice of a most eloquent man is silent, — a voice which left no superior, if indeed it did an equal, in this land; and which was ever exerted in the cause of all that is good or excellent pertaining to a nation's welfare.

Resolved, That, in the death of this statesman and patriot, the whole nation has reason to weep and lament; for his exalted love of the Union gave to his voice and counsels a peculiar importance in the present great struggle to preserve our nationality from destruction.

Resolved, That, in his death, we deplore the loss of a citizen of most exemplary virtues, indefatigable industry, and faithful adherence to those noble principles of justice and honor, from the prevalence only of which a nation can become great and glorious.

Resolved, That we respectfully tender our sympathies to the bereaved family.

Resolved, That, in testimony of our veneration of the memory of the deceased, we will attend his funeral on Thursday next; and also that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his family.

After remarks by SAMUEL G. DRAKE, Rev. ELIAS NASON, JOHN H. SHEPPARD, FREDERIC KIDDER, JOHN WARD DEAN, WILLIAM B. TRASK, WILLIAM REED DEANE, and the presiding officer, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The Committee on Papers to be read before the Society, learning soon after the death of Mr. Everett that the President, Winslow Lewis, M.D., Rev. Elias Nason of Exeter, New Hampshire, and Rev. Frederick W. Holland of Cambridge, were each prepared with remarks relating to the memory of their late distinguished associate, omitted to make their usual preparation for the next monthly meeting, which was to take place on Wednesday, Feb. 1; and the exercises on that occasion consisted of the following spontaneous tributes to the memory of him for whom the nation mourns.

ADDRESS.

By the President, Winslow Lewis, M. D.

ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN, —

Although much has been most touchingly, justly, and eloquently uttered, in many other places, in reference to the great man who has recently been called away so suddenly from us in the full fruition of his fame and in the very zenith of his usefulness, and although it naturally falls to the office of our able historiographer to recapitulate to you the leading facts and dates of his eventful life, still, neither would you think or I feel it to be right or becoming in me, sitting by your favor in this chair, to pass over altogether in silence an occurrence of such great and painful interest as the death of EDWARD EVERETT; to whose loss and memory, distinguished as he was pre-eminently as a classical scholar, I feel that the lines of Horace on the death of Quintilius are peculiarly, pointedly, and most touchingly appropriate: —

> "Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis? . . .
> Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
> Urguet? Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
> Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
> Quando ullum inveniet parem?
> *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit!*"

Yes, indeed "he has died lamented, and to be lamented, by all good men."

My contemporary, my colleague on the Board of Overseers of that University in which he once taught with so much scholarly ability, and over which he afterwards presided with so much dignity, grace, and wisdom, and which, from first to last, retained so deep and strong a hold upon his interest and affections, it were alike unnatural and impossible that his name and memory should fail to draw from my heart and lips some tribute, however faintly and imperfectly expressed, of honor to his worth, of admiration for his talents, and grief for his loss. A far greater orator than I has recently, with a very felicitous application of the deceased's own words, uttered in regard to Daniel Webster, most gracefully and powerfully expressed the impossibility of any survivor's voice doing justice to the memory of the great one gone from us. "There is but *one* voice that ever fell upon my ear which could do justice to such an occasion; and that voice, alas! we shall hear no more forever!" As now mourning Memory casts her retrospective glance over the career of our departed friend and fellow-citizen, she reads a record which is truly marvellous and absolutely startling by the fulness and variety of loftiest aims accomplished, and brightest and proudest of laurels fairly and nobly won, in so many of the highest and most dif-

ficult departments of patriotic labor, philanthropic zeal, and intellectual culture.

It is seldom that Providence assigns to even its most favored sons the power of attaining to pre-eminent distinction in more than one sphere of human life and labor; and thus our own and other nations have rightly and readily honored while living, and mourned when dead, such of their great men as have reflected renown and glory upon themselves and their birth-land in each respective path of war or statesmanship, learning or literature, or of eloquence displayed in the pulpit, the halls of legislation, or the courts of law.

Edward Everett, endowed with powers alike in versatility and vastness denied to the great majority of earth's great men, was not only a statesman, scholar, writer, educator, and orator, — orator alike in Congress, on the platform, and in the pulpit, — but by the confession of all, friends and foes, fellow-citizens or foreigners, he held undeniably a place of the very highest rank in each and all of these illustrious departments of thought and labor and renown.

Well indeed, then, may America, in public and private; in the legislative chambers, where his wise counsels and eloquent voice were so often and so ably exerted for his country's benefit; in the humble dwellings throughout all the broad borders of our

land, where his name will ever be gratefully associated with the progress and liberty which he did and said so much to promote and to render permanent; and especially in every society devoted, like our own, to the pursuit and cultivation of any of those liberal arts and studies of which he was himself at once the most zealous promoter and brightest exemplar, — well, I say, may America, in these and every other phase and department of her public and private life, venerate his memory and mourn his loss.

We have been ere now severely criticised as a nation, by foreigners, for an exaggeration of praise towards our country's great men. There may have been instances in which that criticism was more or less deserved; but assuredly it can have no shadow of application here: and when true, transcendent ability has established its claims before the nation and the world, to fail to do it full, generous, outspoken honor, would be alike discreditable to ourselves, and false to some of the noblest and purest feelings of the human heart, — feelings which an illustrious English writer of the present day has described with eloquent force, and in terms peculiarly apposite to the present occasion: —

"There is a charm about great superiority of intellect, that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach. Genius makes many

enemies; but it makes sure friends,—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little: they partake of the character of disciples as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward, to revere. In this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so freely to the great of old. And in truth it is a divine pleasure. Admiration seems, in some measure, to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it so honors in others. We wed, we root ourselves to, the natures we so love to contemplate, until their being becomes, as it were, a part of our own. Thus, when some great man who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world; a wheel in the mechanism of our own being seems abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion, (for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!) dies with him. Yes: it is this love, so rare, so exalted, so denied to all ordinary men, which is the especial privilege of greatness, whether that greatness be shown in wisdom, in enterprise, in virtue, or even, till the world learns better, in the more daring and lofty order of crime. A Socrates may claim it to-day, a Napoleon to-morrow; and even a brigand chief, illustrious in the circle in which he lives, may call it forth no less powerfully than the generous failings of a Byron, or the

sublime excellence of the greater Milton."* If these remarks be true, — and true we feel them to be, notwithstanding what at first appears a paradox at their close, — well may we feel and express the love and homage and admiration cherished almost involuntarily in our hearts for the memory of a man so truly, nobly, pre-eminently great as was Edward Everett. Well may we feel, now that he has gone from us forever, that "a gap seems suddenly left in the world, a wheel in the mechanism of our own being seems abruptly stilled, and that a portion of ourselves has died with him."

Our illustrious fellow-citizen has been, with peculiar propriety and justice, styled the American Cicero. In one of the most eloquent speeches of the Roman orator, you will remember, a prophetic wish was uttered, which was realized to a very full extent in his own case, as it has been at least as richly deserved by the memory of Edward Everett's words and works: —

"Quibus pro tantis rebus, Quirites, nullum ego a vobis præmium virtutis, nullum monumentum laudis postulabo, præterquam hujus diei memoriam sempiternam. In animis ego vestris omnes triumphos meos, omnia ornamenta honoris, monumenta gloriæ, laudis insignia, condi et collocari volo. Nihil me mutum potest delectare, nihil tacitum, nihil denique ejusmodi,

* Sir E. Bulwer Lytton: "Eugene Aram."

quod etiam minus digni assequi possint. Memoriâ vestrâ, Quirites, nostra res alentur, sermonibus crescent, literarum monumentis inveterascent et corroborabuntur."

"And for these services, O fellow-citizens! great as they may be, I ask of you no reward of merit, no badge of distinction, no monument of my glory, except the enduring recollection of this day. It is in your hearts that I desire all my triumphs, all my decorations of dignity, the monuments of my glory, the bright badges of my renown, to be stored and treasured up. Nothing dumb and voiceless can delight me, nothing silent; nothing, in short, of such a kind and character as may ever be attained by men less meritorious. My name and deeds, fellow-citizens, shall be cherished in your memory, shall gain fresh growth in your discourses, and shall become deeply and lastingly engraven on the monuments of your literature."

Yes, while the literature of America survives and flourishes, the name and fame of Edward Everett "shall be deeply and lastingly engraven on its monuments;" and, while gratitude and admiration for all that is great and good shall animate and inspire the hearts of our children's children, so long "shall his deeds and name be cherished in their memory."

And while I have thus adopted, in regard rather to his fame and public services, the words of his re-

nowned Roman prototype and exemplar, so am I led almost involuntarily to give expression to the more tender and personal feelings of sorrow awakened in all our hearts by his loss, in the words, slightly varied, of Ireland's national poet: —

"It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that is dead,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
Through a life by his loss all shaded;
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept
When all lighter griefs have faded.
Yes, thus shall we mourn; and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them:
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.
And as buried saints have given perfume
To shrines where they've been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
From the odor he left there in dying."

The highest and most sterling mark of respect that we can pay to the memory of any great man, is to educe, follow, and bring prominently forward, the salutary lessons taught by his example. If there be any foundation for the belief, entertained by many wise and good men, that the spirits of the loved and lost are at times permitted to revisit and hover around the places and persons that were most dear to them in life, then can we readily imagine that no

statue of stone, or bust of bronze, or any thing else "dumb and silent," would afford such satisfaction to the spirit of Edward Everett as this carrying on and forward, by holding up his example for imitation, the great work of good to his country and his kind to which his life in the flesh was all and ever so nobly devoted. The erection of statues of marble or of metal may be a graceful and becoming compliance with a custom rendered venerable by antiquity; and, however unneeded by us or by our children, it may be well that the visitor from far-distant lands, attracted by the view of the *statue*, shall be led to inquire more minutely into the life-history of the *man*. But, in regard to all such monuments, the thought and utterance of his spirit would doubtless be, — for we all know what delight he took in the Latin poets, —

> "Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius:
> Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series et fuga temporum.
> Non omnis moriar! multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam!"

For the great talents that he possessed, more especially his wonderful powers of memory, Edward Everett was indebted, of course, altogether to the endowment of Nature; or in better, though more

old-fashioned language, to the gracious gift of God. But the means by which he developed such talents, and made them serviceable to the important objects of his life, was the work of the man; and it is from this we may best derive example and instruction. And it is at once apparent, that unwearied industry, and inflexible, unflinching perseverance, combined with and stimulated by a lofty ambition, were the leading characteristics of his life and career from boyhood to the grave. Here alone we have a life-lesson, especially as afforded to us in the life of such a man, of incalculable value. "Surely," many a votary, and victim of indolence and ease, may say, "it was not necessary for a man of such splendid natural endowments as Everett to work hard, to be diligent and persevering." I answer, Here in his life we have the refutation of all such fallacies. He accomplished great things, wonderful things; great and well-won fame for himself; great, lasting good for his country, for the community in which he lived, and for the common cause of civilization, progress, and liberty; and he accomplished all this, not by genius or talent alone, or even in chief part, but by constantly bringing, to the service and support of these, steady, systematic labor, and determined perseverance in the acquisition of learning and sound knowledge: so that in his life was realized, in a remarkable manner, that happy union of learning, diligence, and natural ability,

so eloquently expressed by the Roman orator: "Atque idem ego hoc contendo quum ad naturam eximiam et illustrem accesserit ratio quædam conformatioque doctrinæ, tum illud nescio quid præclarum ac singulare solere existere."—"And I further maintain, that when to excellent and admirable natural abilities and disposition there are added a certain systematic training and thorough acquisition, then a certain glorious and wonderful perfection of character is wont to arise."

Edward Everett's devotion to, and constant cultivation of, literature and learning, has, I believe, exercised, and will yet in even a greater degree exercise, a most beneficial influence upon our system of education and self-culture, and upon the intellectual character of our country. His life and memory will ever stand as conspicuous monumental witnesses to the fact, that not only is the cultivation of sound classical learning, and of what we term the "higher scholarship," compatible with the full and efficient performance of the practical duties of an American citizen in the highest and most responsible positions, but that in an eminent degree it enhances and enlarges the abilities for their performance, and also gives to their fulfilment a lustre of grace and dignity that can be derived from no other source. It is not to be denied, that hitherto we have not, as a people, been sufficiently sensible of the great value

and importance of this higher scholarship and classical cultivation. The circumstances of the country have naturally given to the national mind a bias in favor of the useful, the practical, the money-making, in education as in all else; and, consequently, the number of men, who, even at the present day, acquire in early life, and continue to cultivate and develop through maturer age, this higher scholarship, is comparatively few. The example of Edward Everett will, I believe and hope, exercise so powerful and salutary an influence upon the minds alike of educators and educated, as speedily to remove this blot upon our national escutcheon, and raise American scholarship to a level with that of England and Germany and France. Probably no better defence of his devotion to such refining studies could have been made by our lamented statesman-scholar than that uttered by his great Roman prototype, whose eloquent words I will freely translate. I am sure you will appreciate their remarkable appropriateness: "Do you think it possible we could find a supply for our daily speeches, when discussing such a variety of matters, unless we were to cultivate our minds by the study of literature? or that our minds could bear being kept so constantly on the stretch, if we did not relax them by that same study? But I confess that *I am* devoted to these studies. Let others be ashamed of them if they have buried themselves in books, without being

able to produce any thing out of them for the common advantage, or any thing which may bear the eyes of men and of the light. But why need *I* be ashamed, who for many years have lived in such a manner as never to suffer the love of repose to withdraw me from the claims of others, or fondness for pleasure to distract, or even sleep to delay, my attention to their call? Who can, then, reproach me, or who have any just reason to be offended with me, if I take to myself for the cultivation of these liberal studies the same time which some take for attending to their own private interests, or for celebrating days of festivals and games or other pleasures, or even for the refreshment and rest of body and mind, or which others devote to unseasonable banquets, or playing at dice or *pila?* And surely this ought to be freely allowed to me, *because by these liberal studies my power as an orator is increased and improved, as are also those other faculties, which, to whatever extent I may possess them, have never been denied to the service of my friends and my country, when in need of them.* And if this power of mine may seem to be but small, still I am well aware from what source I derive those principles that are of the highest value. For *if I had not convinced myself from early youth upwards, both by the precepts of many teachers and by constant and close reading, that there is nothing in life worthy of being earnestly desired except glory and*

true honor, and that, in the pursuit of these, all sufferings of the body, all dangers of death and of banishment, ought to be deemed but of secondary consequence, I should never have been led to expose myself, for the sake of your safety, to so many and such dangerous attacks of unprincipled men. But all books are full of such precepts; and all the wise maxims of philosophers, and *all the learning of antiquity, teem with precedents that teach the same great lesson:* all which lessons, however, would remain buried in darkness, if the light of learning and literature were not shed upon them. How many examples of the world's best and bravest men, carefully educed and elaborated, both *Greek and Roman orators have bequeathed to us*, not alone for our inspection and admiration, but also for our adoption and imitation! *And I, for my part, ever keeping these constantly before my eyes as examples and guides for my own public conduct, have steadily striven to mould my own mind and measures by continually thinking on the lives of those excellent men.* And even were no such great practical advantage to be derived therefrom, and only pleasure and relaxation sought from these learned studies, still I believe you would deem it to be a most rational and refining occupation of the mind. For other pursuits are not adapted to every time, nor to every place or age; but these studies are alike the fostering food of youth, the

delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hinderance abroad: they are, in fine, our best and most beloved companions in the watches of the night, in the wanderings of travel, and amid the calm and retirement of the country."

Now, surely, my friends, you will agree with me in the opinion, that the passages which I have thus feebly, yet, to the best of my power, faithfully rendered from Cicero's oration in defence of Archias, might with at least equal appropriateness and truth have been uttered by Edward Everett.

To his sublime and sanctified spirit we may rightly and reverently exclaim, —

"Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur!"

Of the value, in a national point of view, of that higher learning and classical cultivation of which Edward Everett was so powerful an advocate and so prominent an example, only a low and depreciatory idea is, I fear, as yet entertained by the majority even of our wealthy and well-informed New-England people. A "certain knowledge of Latin," to quote a very common expression in society, is indeed considered necessary to the education of our youth of both sexes, more especially as an auxiliary to the study of modern languages; but the idea too generally preva-

lent is, that it is almost a waste of time to pursue any such study beyond this low and limited point. "Of what practical use will Latin or Greek be to my son in life?" is not only the thought, but the openly avowed opinion, of many a man of general intelligence and good position in society. A little reflection upon all the bearings of the subject, and upon Edward Everett's life, would, I think, tend to alter and correct so erroneous an idea. The duties and claims of an arduous profession have, I feel painfully conscious, too constantly engrossed my thoughts and time to admit of my cultivating or maturing, to the extent of my desires, a taste for such studies; but I am none the less deeply impressed with a sense of their great intrinsic value and importance, not only to the mental refinement, self-education, and discipline of the individual, but also to the welfare, stability, and reputation of our country. Taking at first only a very limited and narrow view, it is undeniable that the study of the philosophically composed languages of Greece and Rome constitutes one of the most effective means of training and developing the human intellect. Our own language, moreover, is to so great an extent, directly or indirectly, dependent on, and derived from, those languages, that no man can possibly be an enlightened, intelligent English scholar, capable himself of appreciating and enjoying the full force and meaning of a vast num-

ber of English words, and the grandeur and beauty of the works of our best English writers, without a sound and accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics. But it is in a higher and more extended point of view that I consider we may and ought to derive an important lesson in this respect from the life of Edward Everett; and as I would never presume to utter my own less influential words on so important a topic, when I am enabled to cite the opinion of others, who, by their acknowledged eminence as scholars and philosophers, have established their claim to be listened to with attention and respect, I will cite some remarks of a distinguished American scholar and thinker, whose sentiments on this subject not only tally very closely with my own, but seem to me worthy of the most weighty consideration. I allude to the Rev. Dr. Henry of New York, in whose eloquent address, delivered nearly thirty years ago, before the Phi Sigma Nu Society of the University of Vermont, occur the following bold, thoughtful, and as I think, in the main, truthful remarks: —

"We have among us no *learned order* of men. I use the expression for its convenient brevity. We have a most respectable body of *educated* men, some of them engaged in the applications of science to the arts of life, but most of them exercising the different public professions. Whether or not they are all ade-

quately appreciated and rewarded, still we have such a class, employed in working with, combining, and applying, in explaining, communicating, and diffusing, the knowledge already possessed. But, in addition to these, we want an order of men devoted to original inquiry and production; who, without reference to the more palpable uses of knowledge, shall pursue truth for its own sake. We need a class of men whose lives and powers shall be exclusively given to exploring the higher spheres of truth and beauty, increasing the amount and extending the domain of science. Such an order of men is a component part of every sound and perfect body politic. A *learned order* is, moreover, one of the *conservative powers* of a nation, necessary in order to check the undue predominance of the more gross and material elements. In *this country*, it is *peculiarly necessary* to counteract the overgrowth and dangerous tendencies of the *commercial* and *political spirit.* The overgrowth of these influences in other countries is checked not only by venerable institutions both of religion and learning, but also by ancient dignities, more imposing forms of government, and various other causes, which have no place in this country. The only counteracting influences that can be brought to bear in this country against the undue love of wealth and politics are *religion* and LETTERS; and religion, left as it is to take care of itself, will be entirely inadequate,

unless the intellectual spirit of the nation be elevated by high and pure letters."

Farther on, after dilating on the vulgarizing influence of mere riches, sought after as an *ultimate object* and end, he proceeds thus: —

"Such must always be the tendency of things, where the *commercial spirit* requires an *undue* predominance; where the *excessive* and *exclusive* respect for money is not repressed by appropriate counter-checks. In some countries, these checks to the overgrowth of the commercial spirit are sought for in venerable institutions of religion and letters; in habits of respect for established rank; and, above all, by throwing a considerable portion of the property into such a train of transmission, as that it becomes the appendage and ornament of something that appeals to the *higher* sentiments, — something that is held in greater respect than *mere riches*, and with the possession of which are connected high and dignified trusts, a high education, and the culture and habit of lofty and generous sentiments. This is unquestionably the *idea* originally lying at the ground of the English aristocracy, in the theory of the English Constitution. Hence inalienable estates, belonging not to the *man*, but to the *dignity* of fulfilling its proper trusts, and of upholding those high interests of the country, of which the possessor of the dignity is but the representa-

tive; and where habits of education, from generation to generation, are designed to teach and impress the value of many other things above *mere wealth*, and to connect with the possession and use of riches honorable sentiments, liberal culture, and the disposition to respect and promote the cultivation of high science and letters, and all the more spiritual elements of social well-being. And, strong as are our prejudices in this country, it may, at least, be questioned, whether a fair estimate of the evils on both sides would not show that such an aristocracy is in some respects preferable to that which otherwise is too likely to predominate, — the aristocracy of *new* riches, where the elements of society are in perpetual fluctuation; where the coarse pretensions of lucky speculators, and the vulgar struggles of all to 'get up,' leave little room for the feelings of repose and respect."

In citing these remarks of Dr. Henry, I, of course, would not be understood to countenance or advocate the introduction, into this country of ours, of the Old-World system of entail property and an hereditary nobility; nor did the writer, I believe, contemplate any such idea: but, divesting his observations of the somewhat exaggerated fervor of the orator, we shall find that they contain a very solid framework of truth. But I come now to that portion of his address which has a more direct weight and bearing on the subject

before us, and in which, I am sure, you will see no need for any dissent or disappointment.

After commenting at considerable length on the evils inevitably connected with our democratic form of government, as are others, of even a worse and weightier character, with monarchical and aristocratic governments, he thus proceeds:—

"In a country like ours, then, where the democratic and commercial elements are so strong and intense, it cannot be expected that Religion will exert an adequate conservative influence, *unless the intellectual tone* of the people can be exalted. It is the office of Religion to diminish, by her views of eternal things, a too intense and absorbing devotion to the gross and material objects of life; but she will battle it unequally, unless she is aided by causes that shall excite and cherish a taste and respect for the higher and more intellectual objects and enjoyments of the present life. Let us, then, turn to *Letters* as the other conservative element of the State, and the necessary complement of the former. In this aspect of our country, we find, in some parts, public schools, a press teeming with popular works, and a body of teachers and writers actively engaged in communicating and diffusing existing knowledge. I will not stop to dwell at length on certain defects in all this. It might be shown how the system of education established among us, tends, in some important respects,

not so much to quicken intellectual power, and to form decided intellectual tastes, as to furnish the modicum of knowledge necessary to enable our youth to *rush upon the arena of life, and play their part in the great struggle for wealth or office.* It might be shown how the continued multiplication of works like most of our popular productions tends to create a vague and superficial knowledge, which serves rather as a substitute for thinking, than to invigorate the powers of thought; and how the mind even of the commonest reader gets more good from grappling with one master-mind, and, by patient, strenuous self-exertion, fathoming the depth of one master-work, than by skimming over forty volumes of 'familiar elements,' and similar fourth-rate productions that are continually coming forth. I might point out some indications of a morbid taste in the present reading-public, which require a higher tone of literature to correct them. But let whatever there is of letters among us be accepted as good, in comparison with having nothing of the kind; or, even some exceptions being made, with having less of it: for it tends to the diffusion of knowledge, — a thing essential to the welfare of the country, *so it be sound and wholesome knowledge.* Still it is obvious to remark, that the diffusion of knowledge is not its advancement. Carrying the streams all over the land is not keeping the fountains fresh and full.

The teachers, those engaged in simplifying and communicating existing knowledge, can have but little time for increasing the amount. They can have but little time, even if they have the intellectual power, to explore the fountain-heads, to enlarge them, to open new and fresh springs. But this is needed, otherwise the streams are likely to get dry and stale. We need, then, an order of men of lofty intellectual endowment, of original creative power, devoted to the highest departments of truth, beauty, and letters; an intellectual high priesthood, standing within the inner veil of the Temple of Faith, reverently watching before the Holy of Holies for its divine revelations, and giving them out to the lower ministers of the altar; thus teaching the teachers, enlarging their intellectual treasures, exalting their intellectual spirit, and, through them, instructing and elevating the whole body of the people. This lofty style of letters, as we have said, is good in itself. It is good as a component part of the common weal. It is good too, *it is indispensably necessary*, as a counteracting power to the predominant evils that have been displayed."

Of such an order of men, devoted to the highest departments of letters, and yet not wanting in the performance of a citizen's duty, on all great and necessary occasions, to their country and their kind, Edward Everett was pre-eminently a representative

and exemplar; and his life-teaching, during the half-century that elapsed between the day when he entered on his duties as professor of Greek at Harvard, and that on which, the honored and hallowed object of his country's grief, he entered his last narrow earthly home at Auburn, will have done more to impress upon America the value and dignity of learning and intellectual cultivation than all that the most wise and thoughtful of philosophers could write, or the most eloquent of orators could utter and enforce.

One other point of this great man's life-example I must briefly dwell upon, though many of almost equal importance must be passed over by me on this occasion. I need scarcely say, I refer to the *thoroughness* and *earnestness* with which he devoted himself to whatever he took in hand. There was nothing superficial or lukewarm about him. What he did, he did *with all his might.* Whether as university professor, or president; as editor, or writer; as Governor of the Commonwealth at home, or Minister of America abroad; as Secretary of State, or as Senator; as scholar, or as orator, — he spared no time, thought, labor, to qualify himself thoroughly for what he undertook to do; and the result was an accurateness of knowledge, and completeness of work, that few ever equalled, none excelled. I know no more valuable lesson to be derived from the life and example of any man than this of thoroughness and earnestness

in the performance of duty. In this respect, and in his strong energy and resolute perseverance, Edward Everett was a remarkable illustration of those qualities that have won for the American Anglo-Saxon race its proud pre-eminence among the families of earth.

"Indomitable merit
Of the Anglo-Saxon mind,
That makes a man inherit
The glories of his kind;
That scatters all around him,
Until he stands sublime,
With nothing to confound him,
The conqueror of Time!
O mighty perseverance!
O courage stern and stout!
That wills and works a clearance
Of every rabble rout;
That cannot brook denial,
And scarce allows delay,
But wins from every trial
More strength for every day!"

And now, friends and brethren of our Society, time warns me that I must bring my remarks to a close, and leave the fuller and more elaborate discussion of a subject, to which my poor powers are all too inadequate, to those orators and more gifted writers who are better qualified to grasp its grandeur, and to distinguish and discern its minuter and more hidden points of beauty and of power.

Assuredly no grander subject is likely to be offered

to the poet, the painter, the writer, or the orator, for many a long year to come, than the life, career, and character of Edward Everett.

He is gone from us forever: but his "works do verily live after him;" and his memory will remain to us and posterity an honored and a sacred heirloom,— a true κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, an everlasting possession. His spirit hath gone to God, who gave it; and his earthly part rests peacefully "in Auburn's quiet shade," in accordance with the wish so touchingly expressed in these lines of a poem from his own pen, entitled "Stanzas on Santa Croce," which was embodied in an English author's work on Italy in 1842:—

> "Hosts yet unnamed, the obscure, the known, I leave:
> What throngs would rise, could each his marble heave!
> But we, who muse above the famous dead,
> Shall soon be silent as the dust we tread.
> Yet not for *me*, when I shall fall asleep,
> Shall Santa Croce's lamps their vigils keep;
> For o'er the sea, *in Auburn's quiet shade*,
> With those I loved and love, my couch be made;
> Spring's pendent branches o'er the hillock wave,
> And morning's dewdrops sparkle on my grave,
> While heaven's great arch shall rise above my bed,
> When Santa Croce crumbles o'er its dead:
> Unknown to erring or to suffering fame,
> So I may leave a pure though humble name."

His wish has been, in most part, fulfilled. He sleeps calmly in "Auburn's quiet shade with those he loved;" and he has left a name unsullied, bright, and

pure, but not indeed "humble;" rather "highest among the high," — a name that shall, through this and after-ages, beam as a bright and steady beacon-light across the surging tides of life's stormy ocean, and cheer and guide many a struggling, toiling, aspiring son of America to the haven of honor and renown: —

"A name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath, —
Beautiful, beautiful and bright,
In life and death!"

ADDRESS.

By Rev. Elias Nason, A. M., of Exeter, N. H.

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN,—

I should not presume, after the eloquent eulogies so recently pronounced over the remains of an illustrious member of this Society, and especially after the excellent commemorative address to which we have just now listened, to attempt the presentation of any of my own studies of the life of such an exalted prince of literature, had I not heretofore experienced some proof of your indulgence, and had not the name of EDWARD EVERETT in itself a spell of potent energy to summon forth associations far above the speaker's thoughts, and shed a lustre even upon the humblest words recalling him to memory.

For to what department of learning or of liberal culture can I turn, to what kind of scholarship can I allude, to what form of eloquence can I advert, to what model of classic dignity, of consistent statesmanship, or of generous humanity, can I point, in which the very name of EVERETT does not antedate my tardy tongue, and speak itself to you most eloquently on my behalf? But it were quite impossible in a brief address to analyze completely the character and por-

tray the life of a man of such "regal power of intellect," such versatility of talent, such vast erudition, such a marvellous range of accomplishment; since there is scarcely any archive of history, or cabinet of art, or tribune of oratory, or hall of legislation, which he did not enter as a master: and the brilliancy of his intellectual powers and possessions was equalled only by the spotless purity and the benignant splendor of his private life.

Setting aside his political and legislative career, I shall attempt only to present to you some details of his academic and literary history, and thus endeavor to unfold to some extent the "hiding of his power."

He was the third son of the Rev. Oliver and Lucy Hill Everett, who was of the fifth generation from Mr. Richard Everett, one of the original founders of Dedham; and was born on the eleventh day of April, 1794, in the venerable gable-roofed mansion now occupied by John Richardson, Esq., and standing, with six large sycamore-trees in front, at what is called the "Five Corners," in the northern part of Dorchester. He was baptized two days afterwards by the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, of whom he soon became a special favorite. His father, a man of extraordinary mental vigor, had two years previously retired from the pastorate of Summer-street Church; and was subsequently appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Norfolk, which

office he held until his death in 1802. He was himself a beautiful type of the Everett Family, and, indeed, of the industrious, quiet, benignant, and philomathical citizens of our old honored Norfolk County.

Young Edward began his education at the village school on Meeting-house Hill, in his native town, under the charge of Miss Lucy, daughter of Noah Clapp, Esq. He was then three years old; and his first misfortune in life, he himself has said, was the loss of the "blue paper cover from one corner" of his primer, which then constituted his whole library. He came afterwards, while in Dorchester, under the instruction of the Rev. J. B. Howe and Rev. W. Allen; and here commenced his oratorial career by the recitation, at a public exhibition, of the "Rittle Roan Colt,"—

> "Pray how should I, a little child,
> In speaking make a figure?"—

written expressly for him by his affectionate pastor, who, in the expression "little roan," refers to the color of his curling hair.

Soon after the decease of his father, which produced a profound impression of sorrow upon the tender mind of Edward, the family removed to Boston, where, at the age of nine (April, 1803), he commenced attending the public reading and writing

school taught by Masters Little and Tileston, in North Bennet Street. Mr. Ezekiel Little, a graduate of Harvard College in 1784, was a popular instructor in his day, and with the aid of Mr. Caleb Bingham's two excellent class reading-books, the "Columbian Orator" and the "American Preceptor," succeeded in teaching his pupils how to read with animation and propriety, and in inspiring them with a love of declamation. We may easily conceive how modestly, and yet how beautifully, the young orator would pronounce such pieces as —

> "You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage," —

which his clever kinsman, Mr. David Everett, had furnished for the former school-book; or with what winning grace he would repeat such patriotic lines as Dr. Dwight's in the latter excellent work, —

> "Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise, —
> The queen of the world, and the child of the skies," —

for, even in early boyhood, he possessed a boy's sweet, silvery eloquence. His other teacher, John Tileston,* was what might be called a "character."

* The book in which Master Tileston kept an account with his scholars between 1760 and 1765 (when he evidently kept a private school), containing several hundred names, was presented to this Society a few years since by Dr. Lewis, the President; and is now in its archives. It illus-

He was an old man (having been born in Braintree in 1738), who wore a large horse-hair wig, and who wiped the ink from the pen on his little finger, and then from his finger on the frosty locks just beneath his bushy peruke. He was short and thick; and although his right hand had been burned, and the chords of it drawn together, his penmanship was quite respectable; and he taught the boy — of whom he afterwards became so proud, and who, I think, in 1823, was instrumental in obtaining for him a pension of $600 from the city — that plain, even, clear, char-

trates perfectly Mr. Everett's statement, that "Master Tileston laid the foundation for a beautiful old-fashioned handwriting, without flourishes, and almost equal to copperplate;" and shows good reason why Mr. Everett in 1859, half a century after he attended his school, at the dedication of a new schoolhouse on the same spot, should say that he "should ever feel grateful to Master Tileston for having deprived him in early life of the distinction which rests upon writing a hand which nobody can read."

The Society has also among its manuscripts, presented by its aged and early member, the well-known divine, Rev. William Jenks, D.D., a list of Master Tileston's public school from 1778 to 1790, with the date of the entrance of each scholar written out in a beautiful hand a few years since by a venerable and highly respectable citizen of Boston, Edward Cruft, Esq., who entered the school about twenty years before Mr. Everett, and more than ten years before Mr. Everett's birth. There were six hundred and twenty-seven scholars received into the school during these twelve years, only four or five of whom are supposed to be now alive; viz., Timothy Hall, Edward Cruft, William Jenks, and Isaac Harris, of Boston. William Cazneau was living a few months since in San Francisco.

There are quite a number of citizens now living, who were at Master Tileston's school about the same time with Mr. Everett, who universally bear testimony to the remarkable scholarship of Mr. Everett at that early period of his school-days.

acteristic handwriting which he retained even up to that touching letter written to his daughter, Mrs. H. A. Wise, two days before his death, in which he says, alluding to his indisposition, "I have turned the corner. Ever your affectionate papa, E. E."

As these early, fostering influences have such a direct bearing on the stately tree that rises heavenward by them and through them, you will pardon me, I feel assured, for quoting a few lines from a speech in which Mr. Everett himself refers to his teachers and his studies in the North Bennet-street School: "Master Little, in spite of his name, was a giant in stature, — six feet four at least, — and somewhat wedded to the past. He struggled earnestly against the change then taking place in the pronunciation of *u*, and insisted on our saying *monooment* and *natur*. But I acquired under his tuition what was thought, in those days, a very tolerable knowledge of Lindley Murray's abridgment of English grammar; and, at the end of the year, could parse almost any sentence in the "American Preceptor." Master Tileston was a writing-master of the old school. He set the copies himself, and taught that beautiful old Boston handwriting, which, if I do not mistake, has, in the march of innovation (which is not always the same thing as improvement), been changed very little for the better. Master Tileston was advanced in years, and had found a qualification

for his calling as a writing-master in what might have seemed, at first, to threaten to be an obstruction. The fingers of his right hand had been contracted and stiffened in early life by a burn, but were fixed in just the position to hold a pen and a penknife, and nothing else. As they were also considerably indurated, they served as a convenient instrument of discipline. A copy badly written, or a blotted page, was sometimes visited with an infliction which would have done no discredit to the beak of a bald eagle. His long, deep desk was a perfect curiosity-shop of confiscated balls, tops, penknives, marbles, and jews-harps, the accumulation of forty years. I desire, however, to speak of him with gratitude; for he put me on the track of an acquisition which has been extremely useful to me in after-life, — that of a plain, legible hand. I remained at these schools about sixteen months, and had the good fortune, in 1804, to receive the Franklin medal in the English department."

The future orator was fortunate in his instructors; for, on leaving the North Bennet-street School, he entered that of Mr. Ezekiel Webster, whose mental powers were equalled only by those of his brother Daniel, who for a brief period had the school in charge.

What secret aspirations for honorable fame were awakened, what hidden springs of thought were set

in motion, what sacred fires were kindled in the grateful pupil's breast, by these two master-minds, we cannot tell; yet this we know, that a sympathy and affection were engendered here, the tranquil surface of whose strong current political rivalries could not ruffle, but which moved along broader and deeper to the unsounded ocean of eternal love; and of it the immortal jurist has thus touchingly remarked: "We now and then," writes he to Mr. Everett, under date of July 21, 1852, "see stretching across the heavens a clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud or mist or haze; and such appears to me our acquaintance, from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little schoolhouse in Short Street to the date hereof." *

The next year (1806), young Everett entered the Latin School, then on School Street, and under the care of the learned but eccentric William Biglow. This instructor was an ardent lover of the languages, had written one or two school-books, and possessed in a remarkable degree the ability of inspiring the minds of his pupils — and this is one of the highest qualifications of an educator — with a love of learning and philosophy. "Instruire," most truly says Aimée Martin, "c'est inspirer;" and this the kind, old-fashioned, and poetical pedagogue, William Big-

* Priv. Cor. of Daniel Webster, vol. ii. p. 542.

low, most certainly did. His encouraging exhortation to his pupils used to be, —

> "First learn to write, then to indite,
> And then a line of Latin;
> And so by chance you may advance
> To wear a suit of satin."

Under the tuition of Mr. Biglow, Everett read, as if by intuition, Cæsar, Cicero's Orations, parts of Virgil, and the Greek Testament. The study of the languages was at that period extremely superficial. The analysis of sentences, the derivation of words, the philosophy of the subjunctive mode, the delicate shades of meaning expressed by the conjunctions, particles, and expletives, received but little or no attention; for the light of German philology had not as yet dawned upon this country: but Edward Everett received with great avidity such instruction as was then imparted, and made such progress in the classics as to secure again the Franklin medal for 1806; thus giving another earnest of a brilliant literary career.

At the age of thirteen, — that is, in the early part of 1807, — he entered Phillips Exeter Academy, then under the judicious care of Dr. Benjamin Abbott, and there completed the studies preparatory to his admission to Harvard College in the autumn of the same year. The school was then, as at present, the Rugby of

New England; and the "gentlemanly Edward," as he was termed, here soon acquired the esteem of teachers and associates, together with the enviable reputation of being a faithful, industrious, and brilliant scholar. Among his classmates at the time, I notice the well-known names of Augustus Thorndike, John S. Sleeper, and Thomas H. Perkins. His brother (the late Alexander Hill Everett) and Mr. Nathan Hale were assistant teachers in the institution; and Edward had his room with them at Mrs. Benjamin Conner's, on the south side of Front Street, between the academy and the river. Though a mere stripling, the ambitious schoolboy, on his first entrance into the recitation-room, as if conscious of his power, marched up, and took his place at the head of the Latin class; nor did he fail to retain that enviable position to the end. He is remembered as being then slender in form, neat in dress, and polite and dignified in manner. His hair was a fine auburn, or what the Latins might have termed *flavus*; and his voice had a silvery sweetness, —

> "So soft, so clear,
> The listener held his breath to hear."

He read his favorite Tully and Virgil with ease and fluency; so that the Latin seemed as a new and living language on his melodious tongue. His eye was quick as an electric flash to discern a touch of grace or beauty in a classic writer; and his critical

acumen, his insight into the meaning, his apprehension of the spirit, of an ancient author, excited constant admiration in the mind of his instructor. In declamation, as in the class-recitations, young Everett stood *primus inter pares.*

The society of Exeter was at that period noted for its learning and refinement, and doubtless shed a genial influence upon the opening powers of the aspiring student. At the close of his academical career, during which he had won the good will of those who knew him, he pronounced the salutatory oration in Latin, which Dr. Abbott kept as a model of elegant Latinity for succeeding boys to imitate, and bequeathed to his able successor, Dr. Soule, as a rich legacy. It is written in Mr. Everett's well-known and beautiful style of penmanship imparted by the venerable John Tileston, and commences with a fine allusion to the brightness of the day and the dignity of the assembly. It is a remarkable specimen of composition in a dead language for a boy of only thirteen summers, and shows how well his taste and his ear had even then been trained. The delivery is said to have been as graceful as the language itself was elegant. The young orator received with reverent attention the instructions of Dr. Abbott,*

* "He possessed the happy skill," says Mr. Everett, "which I am gratified to say has not died with him, of governing a school by persuasion and influence, and not by force and terror."

then in his prime: he sought for knowledge with such avidity as the bee seeks for nectar; and what he once secured he never lost. He seemed even then to have realized with Hesiod, that "the gods have placed sweat in the pathway to excellence;" and he was willing to go through the one in order to attain the other.

Entering Harvard College in the autumn of 1807 as the youngest member of his class, he came immediately under the instruction of the accomplished Levi Frisbie, then tutor in Latin, who was himself a poet, and had the rare faculty of investing the dryest principles of grammar with the golden glow of a brilliant imagination, and of enchanting the minds of his class with his elegant impromptu disquisitions on the advantages and amenities of literature. John Quincy Adams also, to whose memory as a teacher Mr. Everett has paid an eloquent tribute, was then electrifying the college and the citizens of Cambridge with his lectures on rhetoric, which his future eulogist heard with rapt attention and delight, and which doubtless exercised a potent influence in elevating his conceptions of the grand and beautiful, in chastening his imagination, and in perfecting his taste.

Though the youngest, he was perhaps the most studious, member of his college-class. He early saw that —

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night;" —

and gave himself with the persistent steadiness of an old crusader to seek *honorem per laborem:* so that, while cards and dice and wine consumed too many of his classmates' precious hours, his own were sacredly devoted to the pages of Homer, Horace, and Quintilian. While some were drinking largely of the Lethean, he himself drank "deep of the Pierian spring." Not content with the assiduous study of the college course of the ancient classics, he plunged with a kind of ravishing delight into the charmed sweets of English literature. He read with keenest relish the works of Milton, ever a special favorite; of Pope; of Addison, the flavor of whose matchless style he caught; of genial Goldsmith; and of gentle, clear-eyed Cowper. The successive poems of Scott, Campbell, and Byron, he grasped as golden balls, and stored them in the rich treasure-house of his retentive memory. Nor did he fail to draw patriotic inspiration, even at that early day, from the lofty spirits of Chatham, Burke, and Hamilton. The classic Buckminster had returned from Europe in 1807 with a splendid library, to which his friend Everett had the warmest welcome; and, in his intercourse with this young and gifted divine, his zeal for the prose-

cution of belles-lettres studies was greatly quickened and sustained. His literary taste, under such fostering influences, matured so rapidly, that he was in the latter part of his college course chosen editor of the "Harvard Museum," many of whose elegant articles bear the unmistakable stamp of genius. He graduated among the first in classical honor; and the theme of his Commencement speech, admirably conceived and beautifully delivered, was "Literary Evils."

During one of his college vacations, as I have been informed, he taught the district school in a lonely section of East Bridgewater, near the place known under the euphonious yet significant cognomen of "Birch Swamp;" whether so called from the liberal supplies of the white birch (*Betula populifolia*), the real representative tree of our Bay State, or from the necessity of the liberal application of its twigs in the advancement of the cause of learning in that neighborhood, I shall leave it for the future historian of that town to say: but it is not at all improbable, that as the venerable trout with speckled sides, from Marshfield Brook, suggested to Mr. Webster the *introduction* to one of his most elaborate orations, so the trials and turmoils of his belligerent little realm of unkempt, unwashed, ungovernable urchins at Birch Swamp might have suggested to young Everett the *whole* of his address on "Literary Evils."

Mr. Everett's fine scholarship and easy dignity of manner raised him to the office of Latin tutor in Harvard College at the early age of eighteen (1812); and, by the advice of his friend Buckminster, he immediately commenced the study of theology under the direction of Professor Henry Ware, and the eloquent William E. Channing, who was then reading a course of lectures to the candidates for the Christian ministry at the university. Mr. Everett had already won such an enviable reputation as a classical scholar, and his demeanor was at the same time so gentle, yet imposing, that, though younger than most of the students whom he taught, no one of the faculty secured from them more marked attention, or inspired in them a more profound respect. His instructions, enriched from the stores of a capacious memory and enlivened by the flashes of a fertile fancy, were received with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and admiration. There was even then in the name of Edward Everett a charm which nerved the aspirant for literary honors to nobler efforts and to higher achievements. Appointed this year (1812) to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem, he evinced in the selection and treatment of his theme, "American Poets," some sacred gleaming of that ardent love of native land and literature which flamed up as a pillar of fire to lead, and not destroy, — radiant and still more radiant to the last.

Among other topics, in one of which there is an affectionate allusion to his dear friend Buckminster, who had just passed away, he deplores the taste that has baptized so many localities with unpoetic, almost unutterable names, and anticipates the despair of our native Muse in reducing them to rhyme and rhythm: —

> "Sings he, dear land, those lakes and streams of thine,
> Some mild Memphremagog murmurs in his line;
> Some Ameriscoggin dashes by his way,
> Or smooth Connecticut softens in his lay."

But from this barbarous jargon he turns his eyes to more hopeful days, when "Frog Pond" shall perhaps be changed to soft "Averno;" and in his song we see his reading and his taste, as well as patriotism, at that period: —

> "Then Homer's arms shall ring in Bunker's shock,
> And Virgil's wanderer land on Plymouth Rock;
> Then Dante's knights before Quebec shall fall,
> And Charles's trump on trainband chieftains call;
> Our mobs shall wear the wreath of Tasso's Moors,
> And Barbary's coast shall yield to Baltimore's;
> Here our own bays some native Pope shall grace,
> And lovelier beauties fill Belinda's place;
> Here future hands shall Goldsmith's village rear,
> And his tired traveller rest his wanderings here;
> Hodeirah's son shall search our Western plain,
> And our own Gertrude visit us again;
> Then Branksome towers o'er Hudson's stream be built,
> And Marmion's blood on Monmouth's field be spilt;

Fitz James's horn Niagara's echoes wake,
And Katrine's lady skim o'er Erie's lake.
Haste, happy times! when through these wide domains
Shall sound the concert of harmonious strains;
Through all the clime the softening notes be spread,
Sung in each grove, and in each hamlet read."

In tracing the course of this clear and gently-beaming star upon the morning sky of our American literature, we come now (1813) into the sacred sphere of the Christian ministry, where we find it still rising, and shining with a ray yet more serene and beautiful. None could so well fill the place of the eloquent Buckminster, the early death of whom the world of letters was deploring, as the young and graceful Latin tutor whose honeyed accents were then charming the students of the university. Mr. Everett did not disappoint the high expectations of the church in Brattle Street: indeed, he never disappointed any expectations. High as its *beau-idéal* of pulpit eloquence had been raised, Mr. Everett actually surpassed it; and such was the radiant beauty of the youthful preacher's person, such the extent of his biblical erudition, such the elegance of his diction, the correctness of his delivery, the power and pathos of his eloquence, and the harmonious cadences of his silvery voice, that the people were attracted to the sacred fane in crowds, and his reputation was very soon established as the

first pulpit orator of the day. His power of rendering the spirit of a noble hymn, I think, was never equalled; and some of you, perhaps, can well remember how the profoundest chords of feeling have been stirred, as if an angel's hand swept over them, when such words as these of Dr. Doddridge dropped all glowing from his melodious tongue: —

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

And thou refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God."

When Mr. Everett delivered his celebrated sermon on the words, "Brethren, the time is short," to a vast audience in the old Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, February, 1820, he was heard with breathless silence, and many of the audience were moved to tears. "Mr. King told me," Judge Story writes, "he never heard a discourse so full of unction, eloquence, and good taste."

By a rigid economy of time, Mr. Everett was not only able to meet the onerous duties of his pastorate, but he also found opportunity to write his "Defence of Christianity," a work of about five hundred pages, published in Boston, 1814, against the attacks of the erratic George B. English upon the authenticity of the New Testament. Mr. Allibone, considering this work as a composition of a mere youth, affirms it to be "one of the most remarkable productions of the human mind;" and when we consider the breadth of the argument, the scriptural learning, the critical acumen, and the elevation of the style, we cannot well dissent from his opinion.

Immediately after the publication of this work, Mr. Everett was invited to the Eliot Professorship of Greek in Harvard College, with permission to travel in Europe previous to entering on his arduous duties. Leaving Boston in the spring of 1815, he arrived in London in season to hear the echoes rolling from the dreadful field of Waterloo; and then, proceeding with his friend George Ticknor to the University of Göttingen, he there wisely spent two years as a student, perfecting himself in the knowledge of the German language, literature, and civil and educational systems. Here, under native teachers, he perused the religious hymn of the "Messiah" by Klopstock, the "Laocoön" of Lessing, the "Don Carlos," "Wallenstein," and "Marie Stuart"

of Schiller, the "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" of Goethe, the "Criticisms" of the Schlegels, the "Æsthetics" of Winkelmann, the philosophic systems of Kant and Lessing, and the biblical criticisms of Schultz, Ernesti, Rosenmüller, and others, in their own or the Latin language. He also read with avidity the philological and grammatical works of Bopp, Buttmann, Jacobs, Adelung, Zumpt, Döring, Rost, Becker, Grimm, Hupfeld, and others, as specially preparatory to the duties and demands of his Greek professorship. He gained such a mastery over the German language and literature as to prepare an article for the "Göttingen Literary Gazette," to the great acceptance of the venerable Eichhorn, its learned editor. On leaving Göttingen, he repaired immediately to Paris, where he passed the winter of 1817–18 in the acquisition of the Romaic, or modern Greek, language. How profitably that time was spent may be inferred from his able article on "Coray's Aristotle" in the North-American Review, October, 1824. In the ensuing spring, Mr. Everett, in pursuance of his design, passed some time in examining the systems of the ancient scholastic institutions of Oxford and Cambridge; and then, proceeding north, visited the lakes and Abbotsford, where he was most cordially entertained by that genial "Wizard of the North," whose Homeric tale of "Marmion" and historic

"Waverley" had beguiled him of so many happy hours, and whose inimitable "Rob Roy" had just sprung forth, as by the rod of an enchanter, in attestation to the marvellous fecundity of his genius. Returning home in 1819, Mr. Everett entered at once, to the great satisfaction of the college, upon the duties of his professorship; and was doubtless then the most accomplished Greek as well as general scholar in America. The celebrated Victor Cousin, who published a French translation of Plato in 1812, and who was with Mr. Everett in Germany, observed that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew; and his accurate translation of Buttmann's Greek Grammar (published in 1822), his carefully prepared edition of Jacobs' Greek Reader (published in 1823 by his brother Oliver), his splendid lectures in Harvard, and his learned articles on the Greek literature, in the North-American Review, confirm us in the opinion of the distinguished French savant.

Mr. Everett's extensive learning, ranging over the whole field of English literature, art, and science, and extending not only to the ancient classical and Hebrew, but also to the German, Italian, and French languages; his knowledge gained by travel; his acquaintance with such distinguished men as Lord Byron, Sir Humphrey Davy, Lord Jeffrey, Thomas Campbell, Sir James Mackintosh, John Gibson Lock-

hart, and Sir Walter Scott; his masterly power of analysis; his keen perception of the true and beautiful, as well as of the false and *outré*, together with an easy flow of language, and a clear and popular style, — qualified him pre-eminently for the office of an editor; and accordingly the management of the North-American Review was, in 1820, committed to his hands. This tower of strength in American literature was begun by the accomplished William Tudor in 1815. It grew out of the "Monthly Anthology," which first appeared under the direction of Mr. Phineas Adams, a school-teacher of Boston, in 1803. A club of literary gentlemen was soon after formed, consisting of William Tudor, Dr. Kirkland, Joseph S. Buckminster, Alexander H. Everett, and others, who each agreed to furnish an article for the "Anthology" in turn: and although, after the publication of ten volumes, the work was, for want of patronage, brought to a close, the literary spirit which it had aided to inflame was still increasing; so that, four years afterwards, Mr. Tudor ventured to commence the publication of the North-American Review, which did not, however, assume, until three years later (1818), the character of a quarterly. Mr. Tudor's chief aim in establishing the Review was to emancipate the citizens of the United States from dependence on foreign opinion in every thing regarding literature, since we were then as

deeply involved in literary as before in political servitude; and also to vindicate the claims of our own writers, and to cherish American learning: he himself avows, that, in originally undertaking the work, he flattered himself "that it would eventually come under the care of a gentleman singularly qualified for the task of editing it."* That gentleman was Edward Everett. I hold in my hand Mr. Everett's first number. What a host of delightful associations this green-covered volume of the North-American Review for January, 1820, now awakens! What a brilliant constellation this star, that

"Flamed in the forehead of our morning sky,"

led on! How vividly it brings to mind the honored names of Webster, Story, Peabody, Channing, Felton, Sparks, Prescott, Ticknor, Bancroft, Irving, and their compeers! What a mighty stimulus it has given to the authors of America! How nobly it has maintained the spirit of genuine culture! How fair, how firm, how dignified, how scholarly, in its tone! how generous, how lofty, in its aim! What a vast range of mature and elevated thought the successive series of this old quarterly embodies! What a long phalanx of literary men in every profession it has enlightened, cheered, and comforted! What a mighty kindling influence it has exercised in defending, puri-

* *Vide* Tudor's Miscellanies, p. 53.

fying, beautifying, crystallizing, our country's literature! Who of us, from the smiling spring of boyhood to "the sear and yellow leaf," does not acknowledge himself a debtor to the fascinating pages of the North-American Review? and who of us does not say, "Long may it live as the Argus-eyed guardian of our national culture, the prince of the noble company of the quarterlies"?

But, for this radiance shed upon our intellectual life, we are under lasting obligations to the scholastic attainments and resplendent genius of Edward Everett. In the very first article for January, 1820, he made his record, giving the pledge of what this periodical was thence to be. A new order of things began; and the North-American Review came at once to be an institution and a power in the world of letters. At this period, biblical criticism was almost unknown in this country. The philological investigations of the European scholars upon the text of the sacred volume had not then reached us: indeed, the original tongues of the Bible were but imperfectly understood. Mr. Buckminster's edition of Griesbach (1809) was almost the only work in this line of study America had as yet attempted. Our old divines, however pious, were men of routine: the *textus receptus* satisfied them. If a suspicious-looking phrase were found within the covers of the holy Book, they esteemed its very presence there as a

proof positive of its inspiration: they deemed it sacrilegious to investigate a subject so fixed and settled in their minds by that great word, "inspiration." In his very first article, which is upon *Memorie storiche sugli studj e sulle produzione* of the celebrated Oriental scholar, Dr. John B. de Rossi, Mr. Everett, in beautiful language, unfolded the critical researches of the great philologists of the age into the texts of Scripture, and displayed an affluence of erudition which struck the public with astonishment. This article opened the half-closed eyes of theological professors to the labors of the European grammarians, and the stores of biblical philology beyond the sea; giving an impulse to the study of sacred literature, which continues steadily increasing to the present day. Article after article of great ability, embracing almost every topic within the range of human knowledge, continued to flow from Mr. Everett's facile pen; so that the subscription to the Review for the first year was at least quadrupled, and some of the numbers passed through two or three editions. "If you continue to write thus powerfully," says Judge Story in a letter dated Jan. 15, 1820, "in such a strain of manly, vigorous sense, with such glowing eloquence, you will humble all of us, but nobly exalt the pride and character of our country." And Mr. Webster, writing to him of the Review for July, 1821, says in his hearty manner, "I think this number exceedeth

all its predecessors in glory. I verily think we have nothing so good as this number. *Sic itur ad astra.*" * During his editorship of four years, Mr. Everett contributed some fifty papers to the Review, of which those upon the "History of Grecian Art," Tudor's "Letters," Faux's "England and America" (commended by Webster), "Lord Bacon," Walsh's "Appeal," the "Zodiac of Denderah," "Aristophanes and Socrates," and Simond's "Switzerland," may be considered the most elaborate; while those upon Symmes's "Voyages to the Internal World," and the "English Grammar" of John Barrett, the famous pedagogue of Hopkinton (North-American Review, April, 1821), are certainly the most keenly sarcastic and amusing. He contributed as many more articles during the editorship of his brother, of which that on Prince Pückler Muskau, January, 1833, attracted much attention.

We have now another modulation in the harmony of a beautiful life, and a richer flow of music out of the well-tuned chords. The eloquent Greek professor is to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration (1824) at Cambridge. It is an occasion of uncommon interest: the friend and companion-in-arms of the "Father of our Country" — the liberty-loving Lafayette, honored guest of the nation — is to be present; and much of the learning, grace, and beauty of New England

* Priv. Cor., vol. i. p. 15.

will surround him. The demand for "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," is pressing: will the orator of the day come up to meet it? He takes for his theme "The Circumstances favorable to the Progress of Literature in America,"—a subject warm, and living in the best affections of his heart: and he unfolds it and spreads it out with such thrilling power and beauty before that brilliant assembly; summoning up illustrations from the whole republic of letters; setting forth the literary prospects of this magnificent birth-land of the free so vividly, so radiantly; raising the conceptions of his hearers so grandly, in wave after wave of more than Ciceronian eloquence, to the glorious days to come; and closing with such a soul-moving allusion to the illustrious guest,—that the hearts of the enraptured throng are swayed as the surges of ocean by the storm-king, and the speaker is acknowledged to be the first classic orator in America. The address was immediately translated into French by the masterly pen of Chateaubriand; and such was its effect upon the community at large, that Mr. Everett was soon chosen by the young men of his district in Middlesex to represent them in Congress, where he took his seat in December, 1825. Of his political course I do not intend now to speak, further than to say, that through his ten years of Congressional life and strife; through his gubernatorial career, from which he was relieved in 1839

by only one out of more than a hundred thousand votes; while ambassador (1841) at the court of St. James; while Secretary of State under President Fillmore (1852); while United-States senator (1853), — he did not at any time forget or overlook the culture or the spread of Letters, but faithfully devoted every leisure moment to the advancement of human learning.*

Mr. Everett loved his country with a downright, hearty, steady, burning affection. He loved the people; he believed in their education and regeneration; and that the lofty breathings of poesy, the serene effulgence of philosophy, the brilliant discoveries of science, the classic lore of the student, were the birthright and patrimony of freemen. He felt himself to be a debtor to the people; and instead of holding, as many do, the garnered stores of literary wealth, to which every age and every clime contributed, for selfish ends, he now made it the leading purpose of his life to transfuse into the public mind, by the resistless power of his eloquence, the rare and precious gems of wisdom he had drawn with the cunning hand of the alchemist from God's wide world of beauty and

* Volumes published by Mr. Everett, — Defence of Christianity (1814); Buttmann's Greek Grammar (1822); Jacobs' Greek Reader (1824); Orations and Speeches, 8vo (1836); Life of General Stark; Importance of Practical Education, &c. (1836); Life of D. Webster (1852); Orations, &c. (1853), 2 vols. 8vo, 3d ed.; Orations, Discourses, &c., 1 vol. (1858); Life of Washington, 1 vol. (1860); Mount-Vernon Papers.

intelligence; and we trace him all through his bright career, with ready pen or living tongue still cherishing, encouraging, enlightening, elevating, the minds of the people.*

Most gracefully, kindly, efficiently, he spent his days of recreation from administrative and political drudgery in passing over the strait and starched learning of the university to the busy workshop, the noisy manufactory, and quiet farm-house. There are few artisans or operatives or husbandmen of New England who have not had their toils lightened, their views extended, their thoughts elevated, their eyes moistened, and the tide of patriotism deepened, by some agricultural, scientific, centennial, educational, or charitable address of Mr. Everett. He stood as a city on a hill, whose light could not be hid; and many a weary pilgrim is now toiling hopefully up the hill beneath that light. While Governor, he established the Board of Education, and wrote one or two of its reports; he introduced the Normal-school system; instituted the surveys of the natural history of the State; using every means available for the advancement of popular education and for the diffusion of useful knowledge among the people. During his residence in the

* "If you had asked him, the day he died, what had been the central idea of his life, he would have said it was the education of the people. His life was full of it."—*Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1865, p. 344.

Villa Carreggi, near Florence (1841), he transmitted many works of art to this country; and, on his return, munificently assisted in laying the foundation of your Public Library. As President of Harvard College (1848–49), he improved the discipline and the course of study: indeed, as Mr. Bancroft justly observes, "the university has never in our day had a more faithful and able chief."

Of the orations and addresses which Mr. Everett gave to the world through a long series of laborious years, I may, perhaps, mention his speech at Plymouth, on the Pilgrims (1824), as being of a high order of eloquence. The rhetorical vision of the "Mayflower" has, perhaps, never been surpassed. He makes you walk upon the ocean, and behold the ship before you. "I see them . . . driven in fury before the raging tempest on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pump is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggering vessel." Even Cicero's celebrated "Videor enim mihi hanc urbem videre," &c., is not more vivid. His eulogy on Lafayette (1834), and his Battle of Lexington (1835), in which the fountains of patriotism were

unlocked as by a master-hand, were an advance upon his earlier record. His "Anecdotes of Early Local History" (1833) is a felicitous and charming production, and his speech at the festival of Exeter (1838) is an admirable academical address. His tribute to the memory of Dr. Bowditch, translator of the "Mécanique Céleste," in the same year, discloses something of his lively interest in the progress of science, and his profound appreciation of a self-made and vigorous mind. His agricultural and university speeches in England were received with remarkable favor; and his eulogy on John Quincy Adams in Faneuil Hall, in 1848, as that on the death of Daniel Webster, in the same place, in 1852, are perfect models of this far from easy kind of composition. In his elaborate oration before the citizens of Dorchester (July 4, 1855), he gives some touching reminiscences of his early days, when as a schoolboy, fifty six or seven years before, he climbed what seemed to him then "the steep acclivity of Meeting-house Hill;" and proceeds with signal power to evolve from the annals of the town the principles pertaining to the foundation and prosperity of our civil institutions, and the revolution to which they led. His address "On the Uses of Astronomy," the next year (1856), at the opening of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, is one of marvellous power and beauty. In reading it, one would suppose that

Mr. Everett's whole life had been devoted to the study of that soul-inspiring science which he advocated. Some passages rise up to the highest point of the sublime in art, which man, I think, has ever reached. J. J. Rousseau had described a sunrise, in his "Émile" (liv. iii. p. 181), with the full glow and coloring of the French Muse; but it remained for Mr. Everett to bring in the transcendent poetry of science to set forth this daily miracle of God.

What kind of spirit is in man that he should prefer the sluggish slumbers of his morning pillow to such a scene as this? — "I had occasion," says Mr. Everett, "a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed to me at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night: the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen; and the stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked merely up from the depths

of the north to their sovereign. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streams of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open; and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

"I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the

true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, 'There is no God.'"

His fine eulogy on Mr. Thomas Dowse (1858) will ever be regarded by the bibliophilist as a charming record of his own peculiar pleasures in the midst of the rare and valuable tomes of his library; while his commemorative address at the inauguration of the statue of Daniel Webster (September, 1859) equals, in dignity of style and sentiment, the noblest of the *oraisons funèbres* of Bossuet.

In his later days, Mr. Everett's physical system was weakened by disease; but the light within remained undimmed: he still "stood up as a fire, and his word burned as a lamp;" and when the first mutterings of that volcano which has broken forth, and is shedding such lurid gleams over the land he loved so well, were faintly heard, he lifted up his voice in a magnificent tribute to the "Father of his Country." He went from city to city, North and South, — repeating it as many as a hundred and twenty-nine times, — if perchance he might unite the divided hearts of his countrymen around one common centre still, and avert the dread catastrophe. In the mean

time, he composed, in a vigorous, chaste, and animated style, a brief biography of Washington (1860). He wrote also a brilliant series of articles for a weekly paper, in aid of his laudable design; and in turning over one of those essays just now, upon the "Trucks and Truckmen of Boston," I am more than ever surprised at the quickness of his eye, the extent of his observation, and the felicity of his description.

But, when he felt the direful shock upon us, — the bands of the blessed Union, around whose majestic pillars he himself had thrown so many garlands of praise, about to be rent asunder, — he came forth in the resplendent power of an eloquence baptized anew in such holy fire * as Milton drew from heaven's immaculate altar, and enkindled, as no other tongue could do, the hearts of the people to rally and save the high-towering temple of Freedom from destruction; to throw the shield of their united arms out over the oppressed, and, by the flashing of the red artillery, point the path to liberty and peace. Living by his favorite adage, — "Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum," — his light shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day. The most beautiful act of his life was his last, — crying, through his noble charities, for that foe who strikes the quivering

* "Ma il suo voler piu nel voler s' infiamma
Del suo signor, come favilla in fiamma."
TASSO: *Ger. Lib.*, canto i. 18.

side of Liberty, as once another foe was striking Him who gave the boon: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

What, then, are the leading traits and characteristics of the lamented Everett as a literary man? I answer, A natural quickness of parts, together with a corresponding flexible and delicate physical organization, which enabled him to seize upon knowledge with surprising certainty, and bear away the sweets of it, while others were still hesitating to commence the task. He acquired the art, for which Webster was so remarkable, of reading by the page, instead of by the line, — grasping the writer's meaning at a glance. As an eagle on the wing, he pounced upon his game, and never missed. This, with his most loyal memory, made him, *par excellence*, a ready man, — ready not only to extract the nectar from the flowers of literature, but to summon, as by a magician's wand, whatever he desired into immediate use. Most of you, gentlemen, must have observed how quick his mind was, in his speaking, to lay hold of any passing circumstance, and to weave it naturally into the structure of his discourse, leaving neither joint nor suture visible. On one occasion, through the failure of another, he was called on suddenly to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge. Mr. Longfellow had agreed to read a poem at the close of the address; but, finding that Mr. Ev-

erett was to make it, he insisted upon going through his part in advance of the distinguished orator. Mr. Everett heard the new production with attention; but it were hard to conceive the surprise of the author of "Evangeline" to hear, a few moments afterwards, the most beautiful lines of his unprinted poem dropping as pearls from the orator's lips, and admirably turned to the embellishment of his own discourse.

So, if I may bring another illustration, as Mr. Everett was one day speaking at a Commencement dinner, I think it was, a sudden flash of lightning startled the assembly, and a deafening peal of thunder rent the air; when, quick as the gleam itself, the speaker introduced that strain from Virgil, where the Cyclops forge the thunderbolts of Jove beneath Mount Ætna, —

> "Ac veluti, lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis
> Cùm properant, alii taurinis follibus auras
> Accipiunt, redduntque: alii stridentia tingunt
> Aera lacu: gemit impositis incudibus Ætna:
> Illi inter sese magna vi brachia tollunt
> In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum," —

and went along with his discourse, astonishing the company as much by his quotation as did Jupiter by his thunderbolts.

It is evident that his method was exceedingly severe. He classified with rigid care his literary treasures as he gained them. He had a place for

every thing, and every thing was in its place. As in a well-arranged cabinet of curiosities, every point of knowledge had its appropriate alcove, shelf, or drawer, in his capacious and well-ordered mind. He was systematic and punctilious in respect to the very minutest things: he kept a copy of every letter he wrote, down to the orders sent to the public libraries for books; and these orders were neatly written, enclosed in an envelope, and carefully sealed. Every article written for the papers was prepared, even to the capital letters and commas, precisely as he desired to have it printed. The arrangement of his splendid library, from costly folio to the most trivial note of his correspondence, was systematic and complete. It was by this exactitude and uniform system that he was enabled to perform such an amount of literary labor, and still to give so much time to the demands of society and humanity. To this we owe, in part, the faultlessness of his style and delivery; and when we see how God descends to little things, even to the moulding of the exquisite shell of the ocean or to the modulation of the nightingale's melodious note, shall we impugn the wisdom that thus attempts to imitate Him?

I need not repeat to you that his industry was unremitting. He was incessantly at the block of marble, seeking for the *beau-idéal* concealed within. We behold the perfect statue: we cry, "How beautiful!"

forgetting the days and nights of wasting toil it cost the self-denying artist. Through his whole life, Mr. Everett was a hard, untiring student. Nature had done well for him: but the magical *timbre* of his voice, that could so search into the soul, and draw responsive echoes from the dullest; the graceful attitudes, the faultless gesticulation, the finished touches of his lucid style, — were born of strenuous and heroic toil (and this is, indeed, one of the chief secrets of his success); self-sacrificing, earnest, hopeful toil; toil begun under Miss Lucy Clapp, school-dame at Dorchester; kept up under the hard knocks of John Tileston's indurated hand in North Bennet Street; carried on beneath the eye of eccentric William Biglow; exercised at Exeter to the delight of dignified Dr. Benjamin Abbott; persisted in at Harvard and at Göttingen; borne uncomplainingly in Congress; endured when health and strength were failing; agonized in when every power of head and heart were called to the salvation of the State: and was it not a sight sublime to see him, up to that moment when he says, "My hands and feet were as ice, and lungs on fire," still toiling to uphold the tattered banner, and to stanch the wounds of his bleeding country?

Mr. Everett's power over language was truly marvellous. Conversant as he was with every department of literature and science, his thesaurus of words became almost inexhaustible; and, in fluency of dic-

tion, he stood, perhaps, unrivalled. He summoned from the well-stored cells of his retentive memory the words which best conveyed his thought; and with electric speed they came trooping forth as willing servitors, the appropriate one in its appropriate place, to do his bidding. Never have I so keenly realized what Homer meant by winged words, ἔπεα πτερόεντα, as when I have heard them coming, angelic heralds of lofty thought, from his eloquent lips. They were, indeed, "apples of gold in pictures of silver." He was absolutely master of his mother-tongue. I do not mean by this, merely, that he understood the laws of language, could arrange his sentences in grammatical and rhetorical order, and ring out a round of changes on some ten or a dozen thousand common words: but that he held at his immediate command the accumulated wealth of our grand old English tongue; the riches of poetry, fiction, art, science, philosophy, politics, religion, — Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Norman, Roman; and that from this wonderful *copia verborum* he selected, as by intuition, the very best word that could be chosen, and, by the same inspiration of genius, gave it the right place for strength or ornament in the structure of his discourse.

His style is just as clear as crystal. You see his thought, however profound and erudite, as distinctly as the lineaments of your face in a burnished mirror. His words flow forth as smoothly as the "golden oil"

out of the olive branches of the prophet's vision (Zech. iv.); bringing the subject, whether it pertain to the interminable intricacies of diplomacy, the abstruse calculations of astronomy, the amenities of literature, or the charms of social life, into distinct relief before you. By the witchery of his thrilling touch, he transmutes the leaden details of the tritest subject into shreds of sparkling gold; and as Milton in his incomparable poem, as Homer in his catalogue of ships, makes even the recital of a list of technical and family names* eloquent. Though writing upon nearly every topic within the range of human thought, he never descends to the puerile or the vulgar, but is ever elegant, dignified, classic. He is always, in the words of his favorite Quintilian (lib. x. 1), *dulcis, et candidus, et fusus;* and you may almost write at the foot of every page, what Voltaire wrote of John Racine, —

"Beau, pathétique, harmonieux, sublime."

To me, his style seems to possess the gorgeous fulness of Cicero, the elegant purity and golden flow of Fénélon, the elevation and dignity of Burke, the peerless lucidity of Silvio Pellico, the fascination of Macaulay, and the exquisite finish of our own beloved Irving.

* Vide his Eulogy on Mr. Dowse, in the delivery of which he recited some hundred and fifty proper names *memoriter*.

As an orator,—to judge him by the ancient standard,—he stood, after the death of Mr. Webster, as I opine, first in America. Quintilian's first grand requisite was his: he was emphatically *vir bonus*, a good man. He was good in his soul, and good in the frame enshrining it. His fine, gray, speaking eye was large, lustrous, with a remarkable fulness beneath the lower lid; his mouth was finely chiselled; his brow was calm, sedate, majestic: in short, his features were so entirely classic, that Dr. Kirkland used to say, referring to the cast in his library, that he resembled his own Apollo. His limbs were well-proportioned; his form was erect, manly, and graceful; so that, even when seated, his repose of manner commanded your respect; and, when he rose to speak, you felt that Canova would have been proud to take him as a model. His voice, which he had trained with consummate skill, was rich and clear; the low tones mellow, soft as whispering reeds; if need were, birdlike; the medium, full and sweet; the high ones, resonant and searching.

His action was dramatic, admirably suited to the word, and sometimes carrying the conceptions of his hearers far above it. One of his frequent and effective gestures was a horizontal wave of the hand; and another, sending it with thrilling energy towards the zenith.

But, though his personal address was admirable,

his excellence as an orator consisted mainly in his masterly power of analysis, by which he seized upon the salient points of his subject; in those felicitous illustrations which he always had at his command; in that graceful drapery which he threw around them; in that *vivida vis animæ* which set them forth to the life before you; and, above all, in those ideal conceptions of beauty and sublimity which raised his subject above itself, and sent the thought of the spell-bound hearer soaring after it.

Mr. Everett was a poet, as the dirge of "Alaric," praised by Thomas Campbell, and "Santa Croce," — passages from which our President has just now so well recited, and which was written, he informs me, for Mrs. Trollope's "Italy,"—indubitably testify; and the inspiration of the Muse was the soul of his eloquence. Others might, perhaps, be able to stir the emotions of an audience more profoundly; though I have seen him come down upon the hearts of an innumerable throng, rocking them as the autumnal winds rock the branches of the mighty forest. By dint of pandering to the passions, others might, perhaps, gain a greater temporary advantage; but Mr. Everett, without compromising the high vocation of an orator, could inspire an audience with lofty thoughts more easily than any one it has been my privilege to hear.

"When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

It may be that Patrick Henry had more vehemence; Randolph of Roanoke, more wit; Alexander Hamilton, greater power of invective; William Wirt, more moving pathos; John C. Calhoun, more partisan skill; Daniel Webster, more commanding weight: but in splendor of conception, in range of learning, in severity of training, in beauty of diction, in graceful elocution, in power to raise and poetize a common topic, — in completeness, Edward Everett excelled them all.

We naturally associate his name with that of Webster. They were intimate friends, of the same political principles and tendencies; both conservative, both ardent lovers of the Union. Webster was bred in the country, face to face with Nature; Everett in the city, face to face with man. Therefore, as might be anticipated, Webster has more strength, Everett more beauty; Webster more originality, Everett more grace; Webster more of logic, Everett more of rhetoric; the one more power, the other more splendor. But it must not be inferred from this that the latter is less effective; for, if Webster strike with mightier prowess, Everett cuts with keener blade: and though one excel in invention, the other

excels in erudition; though one excel in argument, the other excels in illustration; and if one be the majestic oak, that withstands the shock of elemental warfare, the other is the graceful elm, that bends, then rises still to beautify the landscape. If one be the fiery Demosthenes, thundering against the impetuous Philip, the other is the accomplished Cicero, "immortalis ingenii beatissima ubertate," taking watchful care that the republic receive no detriment, and fairly winning the illustrious title of PATER PATRIÆ. The granite rock of the mountain, the marble shaft of the capitol, — both were needful to the solidity and decoration of the rising temple of American literature; and, as *par nobile fratrum*, they will both command the admiration of ages.

Mr. Everett's mind was profoundly reverent, and hence essentially conservative. He revered the great and good; he bowed in reverential awe to the names of the honored dead; he held in most sincere respect the deeds and characters of the founders of our nation, and especially those of Franklin and of Washington. He venerated aged men: nothing gave him greater pain than to witness the irreverence of what is called the "Young America" of the present day. He revered the masterly productions of the pen, the pencil, and the chisel; he revered the grand and beautiful, whether he beheld it in the solemn ruins of the Parthenon or the Coliseum, or in that

"optic glass" through which the "Tuscan artist" viewed the moon

> "At evening from the top of Fesole,
> Or in Valdarno to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe;"

whether his eye rested on the rosy-tinted peaks of Alpine grandeur; whether he saw it beaming from the forehead of the morning, as the orient star led on the golden-tressed sun to pour effulgence over the enchanting vales below. He revered the human soul, but, most of all, that UNSEEN POWER which poetized the soul in his own bright image; and I have heard it said that he never allowed a day to pass, though on a journey and far from home, without rendering due homage to His sacred name. Will any one dare blame me for ascribing to this sustained and uniform devotion something of his success in life? Has any one attained pre-eminence except through the *Valle crucis*, and a reverent humility that bows to the majesty of the Invisible, and trembles and adores?

But though conservative, I never knew a person whose mind was, in the true sense, more progressive. He hailed with absolute delight any discovery or improvement in the arts by which the labors of man might be alleviated and the great ends of civilization promoted. The invention of a new method of regis-

tering an astronomical observation, of a new reaper or an unpickable lock, of a new valve to simplify the operation of the steam-engine, of a scheme for rendering the contents of a library more available, for making the printing-press more effective, he never failed to herald exultingly in his lectures to the people; so that, whoever would make himself acquainted with the wonderful discoveries of modern science, as well as the leading points in our civil and literary history, must not fail to "give his days and nights" to the volumes of Everett.

But the crowning beauty of his life was his unquenchable goodness. The sincere and active love he bore his fellow-men is that which makes his name a golden word upon the tongue. "Could I tell you how frequently he aided and encouraged the humble applicants who came to him for assistance," writes one of his most intimate friends to me, "his kindness and benevolence would appear as great as his talents and acquirements." His large, warm heart thrilled at the recital of a deed of goodness, as the chords of Memnon's statue when struck by the beams of the morning. He had not a particle of envy in his soul, but ever loved to see his fellow-men successful, and to hear them praised. He appreciated excellence in whatever garb he found it. He was polite and kind even to children; so that, after leaving a school one day, a little child said to her teacher, "I felt like bow-

ing all the time while that good man was present." He even sought with the interest of a pearl-diver for the gleams of genius among the people; and when he found an Elihu Burritt at his anvil, a Cambridge leather-dresser with a literary taste, or a young mathematician of unwonted mental power, he cried "*Eureka!*" with as much delight as Pythagoras when he had demonstrated the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid.

Though the very busiest of men, he was never too busy to hear the story of the indigent student, and to aid him on his toilsome way. Though standing on one of the highest pinnacles of fame, he never felt himself too high to instruct the lowly. He aided Mr. Bancroft when a student; he imparted knowledge to the Nestor of this Society when a tradesman; he condescended even to me. His life is radiant with the light of loving deeds. He drew largely from the classic fountains in order to do good; he continued long amid the criminations and recriminations of political life that he might do good; he laid his neck to the yoke, his hammer to the anvil, for the sake of doing good; he burned his life down to the socket in doing good; he breathed his last breath in doing good: the royal beauty of his intellect is crowned by the diadem of his love. Here was the "hiding of his power."

Mr. President, I love and revere, as you yourself do,

the name of Edward Everett. It is suspended as a glittering pleiad in the heaven of my earliest, fondest recollections. It is associated with my schoolboy studies, sports, and pastimes; it had in it a spell to arouse my youthful aspirations for the good, the beautiful, and the true; it possessed a charm which won its way, as

"Music from a golden bar,"

into the deepest recesses of my soul; it represented to me the great republic of letters, — genius, beauty, art, eloquence, urbanity, grace, and goodness; it fired my young imagination, as did the name of Plato that of the student of Stagira, lighting the way into the groves of the Academy: and, when I first came to meet him, I felt, as Chateaubriand in his celebrated interview with Washington, that he had warmed my soul to virtue for the remainder of my days.*

Is this man dead? Ah, no! he lives in millions of grateful, loving hearts. Is Edward Everett dead? He lives enshrined in the innermost chambers of the heart of his agonizing country as one of her noblest defenders, her wisest counsellors, and her most eloquent avant-couriers of learning and of liberty; he lives among the illustrious of that bright spirit-land

* "Je m'en suis senti échauffé le reste de ma vie! Il y a une virtu dans les regards d'un grand homme." — *Voyage en Amérique par M. Le Vicomte Chateaubriand*, p. 277.

from which he drew the light for his resplendent life, and to which that life unwaveringly aspired. He did not die; the good can never die: —

> "He passed through glory's morning gate,
> And walked in Paradise."

ADDRESS.

By Rev. F. W. Holland, A. M., of Cambridge.

ADDRESS.

After so lengthy, thorough, and finished a sketch of Mr. Everett's literary claims to remembrance, a few words, Mr. President, are needed to evince our sense of that last expression of his rich soul with which its earthly career so beautifully closed. My words must be few, because the facts are familiar; because the time has already passed at which our sessions are wont to terminate; because it is of concentrated action, rather than practical study, that I design to speak.

As we have been told Edward Everett's public career commenced with the pulpit, so with the pulpit it may be said to have ended. But not now as then, — to a select audience, of a single denomination, within narrow walls, among the limitations of an unwritten yet unchanging ritual: *now* he preached to the whole country, through all modern organs of appeal, on the broad platform of humanity, at the altar of a universal faith. More than this: in the Brattle-street pulpit he had set forth with rare eloquence the theory of philanthropy. In Faneuil Hall, through the press, by his vast personal influence, he

not only urged the practice of that highest benevolence which feeds the enemy, blesses the erring, and returns good for evil: he led the way in practical application of the noblest truth of our religion, — that which wreathed the parable of the Good Samaritan with immortality, and crowned the name of Jesus with glory in the highest.

Among the many whom this terrible war has unveiled to the country as Christianity was illuminated by the flames which consumed its martyrs, no more splendid example can be found than that of him whom we all mourn yet rejoice over to-day. Had it not been for the dread emergency which dragged him forth from well-earned retirement, which summoned him to a broader philanthropic effort than had yet been dreamed of, Mr. Everett would have been chiefly remembered, as he has already been eulogized here and elsewhere, as the admirable essayist, the master-critic, the universal student, the pure statesman, the accomplished diplomatist, the consummate orator; that completed character, in fact, to which American institutions are thought hostile, and the American public unfriendly. *Now* he has cast off his reserve as a worn-out cloak, has emancipated himself from the chilling atmosphere which isolated him from the masses, and become our noblest embodiment of patriotic philanthropy. Now he is known, loved, blessed, throughout the land, as one of the

widest benefactors we have ever known; as not only glad to do his part in succoring the distressed, but rarely gifted in persuading others to do theirs; in fact, an originator of a method of philanthropic appeal which none who survive can hope to prosecute with such amazing success.

I do not forget, that, before the gun fired at Fort Sumter gave an electric thrill to all loyal hearts, Mr. Everett had labored with a result no other could have hoped, with rarely adapted powers, with exquisite rhetoric, fascinating voice, admirable gesture, amazing memory, to secure Mount Vernon as the national memorial of Washington. Remembering that he was heavily laden with years, that his health was none of the best, that his tastes were for the life of a retired man of letters, that he did not crave this addition to his well-established fame, that his classical refinement which impeded his success in Congress would interfere much more with this popular appeal, we cannot admire enough his whole-souled devotion to this doubly-generous cause, and his sacrifice of time, strength, studious habits, and natural reserve, to arouse the entire land in an expression of the broadest patriotism. Here certainly it need not be told how he endured the winter's cold and summer's heat; braced himself against fatigue; cast off the feeling of weariness; visited the remotest cities as well as those near at hand; encouraged every kind of co-operation; repeated the

same admirable appeal (without recurring to his notes for many months) wherever it was likely to avail. North and South, East and West; furnishing weekly contributions to a New-York journal, through an entire year, for the same purpose; a task which many thought beneath a man who had occupied all but the most exalted place in the gift of the people,— the Presidency of Harvard College, the Governorship of this State, the ministry at the court of St. James, the highest office under that which is supreme and sovereign among us.

He was not thus unwearied in labor, thus enterprising in effort, thus concentrated in purpose, simply that Washington might be understood by this generation; that his ashes might rest forever undisturbed; that a nation's reverence might hallow this only national shrine. It was that he might bind the whole people together in this bond of spiritual union; that sectional interests might be forgotten in this common sympathy; that North and South might clasp hands together over this legacy of a soul which never gave up to party what was meant for mankind; that the evil day might be put far from us when we should think more of local differences than of our glorious heritage as a united nation. Once, in a New-York riot, the sudden uplifting of a portrait of Washington abashed the mob, and caused better feelings to prevail a while in those who were fast forgetting their

humanity. So this eloquent plea for Mount Vernon inspired us for a season with tender gratitude for the self-devotion of him whose claims for perpetual reverence he so perfectly justified; with religious reverence for our hero-age; with a richer consciousness of our privileges as a people; with a fervent hope, that the national independence, bought at such sacrifice, might be preserved unchanged through political strife, party division, and sectional animosity. No person who came under the influence of this fervent address, none who felt the abiding power of his stirring thought, can imagine that he failed in rekindling the fire of patriotism on a thousand, thousand altars; that he failed in quickening the young by admiration of their country's better day; that he failed in preparing many noble hearts to offer themselves in generous sacrifice for its preservation and perpetuity.

His effort for East Tennessee was made so entirely under our own eyes, its steady progress was so constantly recorded in our own daily journals, its manly appeals came so fresh from his ever-busy pen, we need not state that over a hundred thousand dollars were cheerfully contributed; that all classes united heartily in the prompt relief of an unknown amount of wretchedness inevitable to a territory over which rebel and Union armies, and, worst of all, guerilla hordes, had marched and remarched, had struggled and bled. But for his fervent voice and pen, no

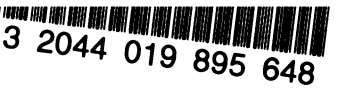
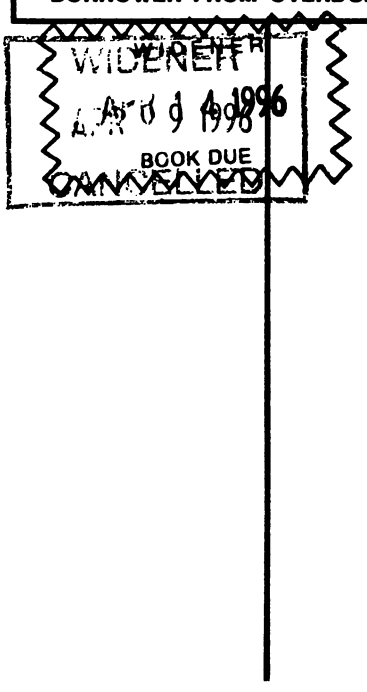
one believes that the greater part of this great sum could have been raised, where so many applications for relief nearer home are being constantly met, so many noble charities vigorously sustained, such continued drains made upon willing hands and generous hearts. And yet all this has proved but a part of our debt to suffering humanity. His eye saw deeper than ours; saw an extremity of want which hardly a million of money could remove; saw an utterness of exhaustion which charity would strive in vain to supply, and which now supplicates our sympathy again.

Probably no effort ever made was rewarded with such immediate gratitude. A whole State lifted its voice in blessing. Slave-emancipation having obliterated the dividing-line, the relief of one part of that grand State comes to the relief of the whole; so that his name will ever be echoed in praise along those broad streams, and repeated enthusiastically from those lofty mountain-ranges. The deliverer of thousands from starvation, the redeemer of whole families from despair, the full hand of effective sympathy stretched from afar, — it was indeed the crowning achievement of patriotic philanthropy. No man living has surpassed it. Never again may an equal necessity show how much we have lost in losing him, who (as was said of Cicero), swaying the commonwealth, not by the splendor of office nor the terror of

command, but by the influence of character and the charm of genius, could thus answer deep with deep. Well has he been called "chancellor of the exchequer for the pity of our time."

There is not time to allude to a thousand nameless services of love to old and young, to strangers and friends, to rich and poor, to maimed soldier and disabled sailor, to exultant freedman and cowering refugee. But the last act of his life was its fitting close. The representative of Savannah appeared among us to make known its alarming destitution. Southern pride humbled itself so far as to betray the poverty it had visited upon its own head. Absorbed in a perplexing lawsuit, exhausted by confinement in court, chilled almost to ice, Mr. Everett warmed up to the occasion, threw his heart into his words, carried the sympathy of Faneuil Hall with him, and secured a far greater relief than any had ventured to hope. His countenance wore an unusual lustre while he spoke: though the death-shadow lay upon him, his face seemed illuminated from the brightness within the veil; and, as soon as he felt that this last victory over sectional selfishness was won, he fell asleep without a pang, prompting us to say that —

> "Nothing in his life
> Became him like the leaving it: he died
> As one that had been studied in his death
> To throw away the dearest thing he owed
> As 'twere a careless trifle."


3 2044 019 895 648

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.